

PRESS-GANG

W dół od rzeki poprzez London Street
Psów królewskich oddział zwarty szedł,
Ojczyźnie trzeba dziś świeżej krwi
Marynarzy floty wojennej.

A że byłem wtedy silny chłop,
W tłumie złowił mnie sierżanta wzrok.
W kajdanach z bramy wywlekli mnie -
Marynarza floty wojennej.

Jak o prawa upominać się,
Na gretingu nauczyli mnie.
Niejeden krwią wtedy spłynął grzbiet
Marynarza floty wojennej.

Nikt nie zliczy, ile krwi i łez
Wsiąkło w pokład, nim się skończył rejs.
Dla chwały twej – słodki kraju mój –
Marynarzy floty wojennej.

Hen za rufą miły został dom;
Jesteś tylko parą silnych rąk.
Dowódca tu twoim Bogiem jest,
Marynarzu floty wojennej.

Gdy łapaczy szyk formuje się,
W pierwszym rzędzie możesz ujrzeć mnie.
Kto stanie na mojej drodze dziś –
Łup stanowi floty wojennej.

Shanties 2024

Szantowanie na Rynku

AUSTRALIA

Australia po nocach mi się śni
Heave away, haul away
Czy kiedyś się spełnią moje sny
Płyńmy do Australii

Heave away, popłyńmy tam
Heave away, haul away
Płyńmy do Australii bram
Hej, płyńmy do Australii

W Australii kilku kumpli mam
Popłynąć chciałbym kiedyś tam

Bałtyk zwiedziłem wzdłuż i wszerz
I na Północnym byłem też

Atlantyk nie jest taki zły
Lecz płynąć trzeba wiele dni

Po drodze chciałbym przejść Cape Horn
Od lat po nocach śnił mi się on

Pacyfik spokojny powinien być
Choć różnie tam bywa, co tu kryć

W Australii znajdę gościnny dom
Chociaż to tak daleko stąd

Przed laty za karę pływali tam
Dziś każdy pcha się do jej bram

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Szantowanie na Rynku

Australia po nocach mi się śni
Czas by wreszcie się spełniły sny

In South Australia I was born
Heave away, haul away
In South Australia round Cape Horn
We're bound for South Australia

HANGING JOHNNY

O, zwą mnie Hanging Johnny,

- Away, w górę hej!

Bo wiem dla mamony.

- Już dynda u rej!

A polubiłem tę fuchę,

Gdym wieszał matkę staruchę.

Potem wziąłem się za tatusia -

Już dynda jak mamusia.

I własną siostrę Sally

Wysłałem też pod saling.

Mój brat miał brata-kata,

Targa wiatr na stryku brata.

Wuja na strychu zaskoczyłem,

Tam mu pętlę zarzuciłem.

Nie ma już wszawej rodziny,

Wiszą te sukinsyny - Dyndają u rej!

I zaraz się do was dobiore,

Każdego w sznur przyozdobię. - Dyndają u rej!

O zgodę nie będę pytał -

Wisi chief i kuk i kapitan. - Dyndają u rej!

Te ręce pętlę splotą

Powieszę każdego z ochotą. - Dyndają u rej!

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Szantowanie na Rynku

MOBILE BAY

Port Bristol został gdzieś we mgle,
Opowiadaj, gdy robota jest!
Wzięliśmy kurs na Mobile Bay.
Hej, opowiedz, bo robota jest!

Way-hey-haulay!
Opowiadaj, gdy robota jest.

I cóżes Ty robił tam w Mobile Bay?
Bawełnę rwałem cały dzień.

I co tam widziałeś w Mobile Bay?
Dziewczyny piękne, chętne też.

A kogo poznałeś w Mobile Bay?
Ognistą, piękną Saucy Gray.

I co z nią robiłeś w Mobile Bay?
Puściłem na nią cały szmal.

On poślubił ją tam w Mobile Bay,
Przeżyłem razem z nią szczęśliwy dzień.

Roll the Woodpile Down

Oh, Way down south where the cocks do crow
'Way down in Florida
The gals they all dance to the ol' banjo
An' we'll roll the woodpile down!

Chorus

Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole worl' round.
That brown gal o' mine's down the Georgia Line
An' we'll roll the woodpile down!

When I was a young man in me prime
'Way down in Florida
I chased them yaller gals two at a time.
An' we'll roll the woodpile down!

We'll roll him high an' we'll roll him low
'Way down in Florida
We'll heave him up and away we'll go.
An' we'll roll the woodpile down!

Oh rouse an' bust 'er is the cry
'Way down in Florida
A black man's wage is never high.
An' we'll roll the woodpile down!

O Curly goes on the ol' ran-tan
'Way down in Florida
O Curly's just a down-east man.
An' we'll roll the woodpile down!

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Szantowanie na Rynku

O one more heave an' that will do
'Way down in Florida
We're the bullies for to kick 'er through.
An' we'll roll the woodpile down!

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Szantowanie na Rynku

SALTPETRE SHANTY

TRADITIONAL

To old Callao we are bound away. Oh roll
To old Callao we are bound away. Oh roll
We`re bound away from Liverpool bay
Where the flash girls o`Chile will steal our pay

Roll ,roll, Rock your bars
Heave her high, oh rock her, oh roll

Old Pedro the crimp boys, we know him of old. Oh roll
Old Pedro the crimp boys, we know him of old. Oh roll.
He`s primin` his vino and dopin` his beer
To the Chinchas he`ll ship us if we don`t steer clear

Chorus

Them flash girls of Chile, they`re hard to beat. Oh roll
Them flash girls of Chile, they`re hard to beat. Oh roll
They`ll greet us and love us and treat us to wine
Bur the bastards are robbin` us most of the time

Chorus

So keep a sharp watch and a keen weather-eye. Oh roll
So keep a sharp watch and a keen weather-eye. Oh roll
On the girls of Coquimbo to old Coronel
With their red-hot senoras from the far side of hell

Chorus

LEAVE HER, JOHNNIE

Lyrics from Capstan Bars, by Capt. David Bone

Oh, the times was hard and the wages low,
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And the grub was bad and the gales did blow,
And it's time for us to leave her!

Chorus:

Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
O-oh, leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
For the voyage is done, and the gales do blow,
And it's time for us to leave her!

I thought I heard the Old Man say,
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
Ye can go a-shore and take yer pay,
And it's time for us to leave her! (Chorus)

Oh, her stern was foul and the voyage was long.
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And the winds was bad, and the gales was strong.
And it's time for us to leave her! (Chorus)

And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim.
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
A-and heave the hungry packet in.
For it's time for us to leave her! (Chorus)

And now it's time to say good-bye.
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
For the old pierhead's are drawin' nigh.
And it's time for us to leave her! (Chorus)

LAST SHANTY

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last
Get your civvies ready for another trip ashore
A sailor ain't a sailor's ain't a sailor anymore

Me father often told me when I was just a lad
A sailor's life was very hard, the food was often bad
But now I've joined the navy, I am aboard a man o war
Now I've found a sailor's not a sailor anymore

The killick of our mess, he says we've got it soft
It wasn't like this in his days, when he was up aloft
We know our bunks and sleeping bags but what's a hammock for
Swinging from the bulkhead or lying on the floor

They gave us engines that went up and down
Then with new technology, the engine went around
We know our steam and diesel but what's a mainyard for
A stoker's not a stoker with a shovel anymore

They gave us the aldislamp, so we could do it right
Then they gave us radio, we signal day and night
We know our codes and cyphers but what's a semaphore
A bunting tosser does'not tos the bunting any more

Two cans of beer a day, that's our blooming lot
But now we get another one, because they've stopped the tot
We'll put on our civvie clothes then we'll roll ashore
A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before

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Szantowanie na Rynku

SANTIANA

Oh, Santiana gained the day!
(Away Santiana!)
Napoleon of the West, they say!
(All on the plains of Mexico!)

{Chorus}
Well heave her up and away we'll go,
Away Santiana,
Heave her up and away we'll go,
All on the plains of Mexico

he's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew
(Away Santiana!)
and an old salt yank for a captain too
(All on the plains of Mexico!)

{Chorus}
Santiana fought for gold,
(Away Santiana!)
Around Cape Horn through the ice and snow
(All on the plains of Mexico!)

{Chorus}
Twas on the field of Molley-Del-Rey
(Away Santiana!)
Well both his legs got blown away
(All on the plains of Mexico!)

{Chorus}
It was with fierce and bitter strife

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Szantowanie na Rynku

(Away Santiana!)
that General Taylor took his life
(All on the plains of Mexico!)

{Chorus}
Santiana now we mourn,
(Away Santiana!)
We left him buried off Cape Horn
(All on the plains of Mexico!)

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Szantowanie na Rynku

WELLERMAN

There once was a ship that put to sea
And the name of that ship was the Billy o'Tea
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
Blow, me bully boys, blow

Refrein

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tunguing is done
We'll take our leave and go

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow

Refrein

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived below

Refrein

No line was cut, no whale was freed
The captain's mind was not on greed
But he belonged to the whaler's greed
She took that ship in tow

Refrein

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Szantowanie na Rynku

For forty days or even more
The line went slack then tight once more
All boats were lost there were only four
But still that whale did go

Refrein

As far as of her the fight's still on
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes her regular call
To encourage the captain and crew and all

Shanties 2024

Szantowanie na Rynku

RANDY DANDY-O

Now we are ready to head for the Horn
(Way hey, roll and go!)
Our boots and our clothes, boys, are all in the pawn
(To me, rollicking randy dandy-o!)

{Chorus}

Heave a pawl, and heave away!
Way hey, roll and go!
The anchor's on board and the cables all stored
To me rollicking randy dandy-o!

Man the stout capstan and heave with a will!
(Way hey, roll and go!)
Soon we'll be driving her 'way down the hill!
(To me, rollicking randy dandy-o!)

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks,
(Way hey, roll and go!)
where the pretty young girls all come down in flocks
(To me, rollicking randy dandy-o!)

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay
(Way hey, roll and go!)
Get crackin' me lads, 'tis a hell of a way.
(To me, rollicking randy dandy-o!)

Heave away, bullies, you parish-rigged bums
(Way hey, roll and go!)
Take your hands from your pockets and don't suck your thumbs!
(To me, rollicking randy dandy-o!) {Chorus til Finish}